

# PARLEYINGS WITH CERTAIN PEOPLE

OF IMPORTANCE IN THEIR 'DAY

TO WIT    BERNARD DE MANDEVILLE,  
            DANIEL BARTOLI,  
            CHRISTOPHER SMART,  
            GEORGE BUBB DODINGTON,  
            FRANCIS FURINI,  
            GERARD DE LAIRESSE,  
AND    CHARLES AVISON

INTRODUCED BY

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN APOLLO AND THE FATES ,

CONCLUDED BY

ANOTHER BETWEEN JOHN FUST AND HIS FRIENDS

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J M I L S A N D

O B I T \_ I V   S E P T   M D L X X V I

*Absens assentem auditque videtque*



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# APOLLO AND THE FATES

## A PROLOGUE







## APOLLO AND THE FATES

(Hymn in Mercurium, v 559    Eumenides, vv 693 4, 697 5  
Alceſtis, vv 12 33 )

APOLLO    (*From above*)

FIRE at my footfall, Parnassus !    Apollo,  
    Breaking a-blaze on thy topmost peak,  
Burns thence, down to the depths—dread hollow—  
    Haunt of the Dire Ones    Haste !    They wreak  
Wrath on Admetus whose respite I seek

THE FATES    (*Below    Darkness*)

Diagonwise couched in the womb of our Mother,  
    Coiled at thy nourishing heart's core, Night !  
Dominant Dreads, we, one by the other,

Deal to each mortal his dole of light  
On earth—the upper, the glad, the bright

## CLOTHO

Even so thus from my loaded spindle  
Plucking a pinch of the fleece, lo, “Birth”  
Brays from my bronze lip life I kindle  
I ook, ’tis a man ! go, measure on earth  
The minute thy portion, whatever its worth !

## LACHESIS

Woe-puifled, weal-prankt,—if it speed, if it linger,—  
Life’s substance and show are determined by me,  
Who, meting out, mixing with sure thumb and finger,  
Lead lock the due length is all smoothness and  
glee,  
All tangle and grief ? Take the lot, my decree !

AIROPOS

—Which I make an end of the smooth as the tangled  
My shears cut asunder each snap shrieks “One more  
Mortal makes sport for us Moirai who dangled  
The puppet grotesquely till earth’s solid floor  
Proved firm he fell through, lost in Nought as before”

CLOTHO

I spin thee a thread Live, Admetus ! Produce him !

LACHESIS

Go,—brave, wise, good, happy ! Now chequer the  
thread !  
He is slaved for, yet loved by a god I unloose him  
A goddess-sent plague He has conquered, is wed,  
Men crown him, he stands at the height,—

AIROPOS

He is

APOLLO (*Entering Light*)

“Dead?”

Nay, swart spinsters! So I surprise you

Making and marring the fortunes of Man?

Huddling—no marvel, your enemy eyes you—

Head by head bat-like, blots under the ban  
Of daylight earth’s blessing since time began!

#### THE FATES

Back to thy blest earth, prying Apollo!

Shaft upon shaft transpierce with thy beams  
Earth to the centre,—space but this hollow

Hewn out of Night’s heart, where mystery seems  
Mewed from day’s malice wake earth from her dreams

#### APOLLO

Croncs, ’tis your dusk selves I startle from slumber

Day’s god deposes you—queens Night-crowned!  
—Plying your trade in a world ye encumber,

Fashioning Man's web of life—spun, wound,  
Left the length ye allot till a clip strews the ground !

Behold I bid truce to your doleful amusement—

Annulled by a sunbeam !

## THE FATES

Boy, are not we peers ?

## APOLLO

You with the spindle grant birth whose inducement

But yours—with the niggardly digits—endeavours  
To mankind chance and change, good and evil ? Your  
shears

## AIROPOS

Ay, mine end the conflict so much is no fable

We spin, draw to length, cut asunder what then ?

So it was, and so is, and so shall be at able

To alter life's law for ephemeral men ?

## APOLLO

Nor able nor willing    To threescore and ten

Extend but the years of Admetus !    Disaster

O'ertook me, and, banished by Zeus, I became  
A servant to one who forbore me though master

True lovers were we    Discontinue your game,  
Let him live whom I loved, then hate on, all the same !

## THE FATES

And what if we granted—law-flouter, use-trampler—

His life at the suit of an upstart ?    Judge, thou—  
Of joy were it fuller, of span because ample ?

For love's sake, not hate's, end Admetus—ay, now—  
Not a gray hair on head, nor a wrinkle on brow !

For, boy, tis illusion    from thee comes a glimmer

Transforming to beauty life blank at the best  
Withdraw—and how looks life at worst, when to shimmer

Succeeds the sure shade, and Man's lot frowns—con-  
fessed

Meie blackness chance brightened ? Whereof shall  
attest

The truth this same mortal, the darling thou styest,  
Whom love would advantage,—eke out, day by day,  
A life which 'tis solely thyself reconcilest

Thy friend to endure,—life with hope take away  
• Hope's gleam from Admetus, he spurns it For, say—

What's infancy ? Ignorance, idleness, mischief  
Youth ripens to arrogance, foolishness, greed  
Age—impotence, churlishness, rancour call *this* chief  
Of boons for thy loved one ? Much rather bid speed  
Our function, let live whom thou hatest indeed !

Persuade thee, bight boy-thing ! Our eld be in-  
structive !

## APOLLO

And certes youth owns the experience of age  
 Ye hold then, grave seniors, my beams are productive  
 —They solely—of good that's mere semblance, engage  
 Man's eye—gilding evil, Man's true heritage?

## THE FATES

So, even so! From without,—at due distance  
 If viewed,—set a-sparkle, reflecting thy rays,—  
 Life mimics the sun but, withdraw such assistance,  
 The counterfeit goes, the reality stays—  
 An ice-ball disguised as a fire orb

## APOLLO

What craze

Possesses the fool then whose fancy conceits him  
 As happy?



A PROLOGUE

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THE FATES

Man happy?

APOLLO

If otherwise—solve

This doubt which besets me! What friend ever greets  
him

Except with “Live long as the seasons revolve,”  
Not “Death to thee straightway”? Your doctrines absolve

Such hailing from hatred yet Man should know best

He talks it, and glibly, as life were a load,

Man fain would be rid of when put to the test,

He whines “Let it lie, leave me trudging the road  
That is rugged so far, but methinks ”

THE FATES

Ay, 'tis owed

To that glamour of thine, he bethinks him "Once past  
 The stony, some patch, nay, a smoothness of sward  
 Awaits my tired foot life turns easy at last"—  
 Thy largess so lures him, he looks for reward  
 Of the labour and sorrow

## APOLLO

It seems, then—debailed  
 Of illusion—(I needs must acknowledge the plea)  
 Man desponds and despairs Yet,—still further to  
 draw  
 Due profit from counsel,—suppose there should be  
 Some power in himself, some compensative law  
 By virtue of which, independently

## THE FATES

Faugh !

Strength hid in the weakling '

What bowl-shape hast there,

Thus laughingly proffered ? A gift to our shine ?

Thanks—worsted in argument ! Not so ? Declare

Its purpose '

APOLLO

I proffer earth's product, not mine

Taste, try, and approve Man's invention of—WINE '

THE FAIRIES

We feeding suck honeycombs

APOLLO

Sustenance meagre '

Such fare breeds the fumes that show all things amiss

Quaff wine,—how the spirits rise nimble and eager,

Unscale the dim eyes ! To Man's cup grant one kiss—

Of your lip, then allow—no enchantment like this '

CLOTHO

Unhook wings, unhood brows ! Dost<sup>st</sup> hearken ?

LACHESIS

I listen

I see—smell the food these fond mortals prefer

To our feast, the bee's bounty !

AIROPOS

The thing leaps ! But—glisten

Its best, I withstand it—unless all concur

In adventure so novel

APOLLO

Ye drink ?

THE FATES

We demur<sup>r</sup>

APOLLO

Sweet Trine, be indulgent nor scout the contrivance  
Of Man—Bacchus-prompted ! The juice, I uphold,  
Illuminates gloom without sunny connivance,  
Turns fear into hope and makes cowardice bold —  
Touching all that is leadlike in life turns it gold !

THE FAIRIES

Faith foolish as false !

APOLLO

But essay it, soft sisters !

Then mock as ye may Lift the chalice to lip !  
Good thou next—and thou ! Seems the web, to your  
twisters  
Of life's yarn, so worthless ?

CLOTHO

Who guessed that one sip  
Would impart such a lightness of limb ?

## IRCHESIS

I could skip

In a trice from the pied to the plain in my woof !

What parts each from either ? A hair's breadth, no  
inch

Once learn the right method of stepping aloof,

Though on black next foot falls, firm I fix it, nor  
flinch,

—Such my trust white succeeds !

## AIROPOS

One could live—at a pinch !

## APOLLO

What, beldames ? Earth's yield, by Man's skill, can effect

Such a cure of sick sense that ye spy the relation  
Of evil to good ? But think deeper, correct

Blare sight more convincingly still ! Take your station  
Beside me, drain dregs ! Now for edification !

Whose gift have ye gulped ? Thank not me but my  
brother,

Blithe Bacchus, our youngest of godships 'Twas he  
Found all boons to all men, by one god or other

Already conceded, so judged there must be  
New guerdon to grace the new advent, you see !

Else how would a claim to Man's homage arise ?

The plan lay arranged of his mixed woe and weal,  
So disposed—such Zeus' will—with design to make wise

The witless—that false things were mingled with real,  
Good with bad such the lot whereto law set the seal

Now, human of instinct—since Semele's son,

Yet minded divinely—since fathered by Zeus,  
With nought Bacchus tampered, undid not things done,

Owneð wisdom anteior, would spare wont and use,  
Yet change—without shock to old rule—introduce

Regard how your cavern from crag-tip to base

Frowns sheer, height and depth adamantinè, one death !  
I rouse with a beam the whole rampart, displace

No splinter—yet see how my flambeau, beneath  
And above, bids this gem wink, that crystal unsheathe !

Withdraw beam—disclosure once more Night forbids you  
Of spangle and sparkle—Day's chance-gift, surmised  
Rock's permanent birthright my potency rids you

No longer of darkness, yet light—recognized—  
Proves darkness a mask day lives on though disguised

If Bacchus by wine's aid avail so to fluster

Your sense, that life's fact grows from adverse and  
thwart

To helpful and kindly by means of a cluster—



Mere hand-squeeze, earth's nature sublimed by Man's  
art—

Shall Bacchus claim thanks wherein Zeus has no  
part?

Zeus—wisdom anterior? No, maids, be admonished!

If morn's touch at base worked such wonders, much  
more

Had noontide in absolute glory astonished

Your den, filled a-top to o'erflowing I pour  
No such mad confusion 'Tis Man's to explore

Up and down, inch by inch, with the tape his  
reason

No torch, it suffices—held deftly and straight  
Eyes, purblind at first, feel their way in due season,  
Accept good with bad, till unseemly debate  
Turns concord—despair, acquiescence in fate

Who works this but Zeus? Aie not instinct and impulse,  
 Not concept and incept his work through Man's soul  
 On Man's sense? Just as wane ere it reach brain must  
 brim pulse,

Zeus' flash stings the mind that speeds body to goal,  
 Bids pause at no part but press on, reach the whole

For petty and poor is the part ye envisage

When—(quaff away, cummeis ')—ye view, last and  
 first,

As evil Man's earthly existence Come! Is age,

Is infancy—manhood—so uninterspersed

With good—some faint sprinkle?

CLOTHO

I'd speak if I durst.

APOLLO

Draughts dregward loose tongue-tie

LACHESIS

I'd see, did no web

Set eyes somehow winking'

APOLLO

Drains-deep lies then purge

—True collyrium !

ATROPOS

Words, suiging at high-tide, soon ebb

From starved ears

APOLLO

Drink but down to the source, they resurge

Join hands ! Yours and yours too ! A dance or a  
dirge ?

CHORUS

Quashed be our quarrel ! Souly and smilingly,  
Bare and gowned, bleached limbs and browned,  
Drive we a dance, three and one, reconcilingly,

Thanks to the cup where dissension is drowned,  
Defeat proves triumphant and slavery crowned

Infancy ? What if the rose-streak of morning  
Pale and depart in a passion of tears ?

Once to have hoped is no matter for scorning !

Love once—e'en love's disappointment endears !  
A minute's success pays the failure of years

Manhood—the actual ? Nay, praise the potential !  
(Bound upon bound, foot it around !)

What *is* ? No, what *may* be—sing ! that's Man's essential !

(Ramp, tramp, stamp and compound  
Fancy with fact—the lost secret is found !)

Age ? Why, fear ends there the contest concluded,  
Man *did* live his life, *did* escape from the fray  
Not scratchless but unscathed, he somehow eluded

Each blow fortune dealt him, and conquers to-day  
To-morrow—new chance and fresh strength,—might we  
say ?

Laud then Man's life—no defeat but a triumph !

*(Explosion from the earth's centre)*

CLOTHO

Ha, loose hands !

LACHESIS

I reel in a swoond

AIROPOS

Horror yawns under me, while from on high—humph !

Lightnings astound, thunders resound,

Vault-roof reverberates, groans the ground !     *(Silence)*

APOLLO

I acknowledge

## THE FATES

Hence, trickster ! Straight sobered are we !  
 The portent assues 'twas our tongue spoke the truth,  
 Not thine While the vapour encompassed us three  
 We conceived and bore knowledge—a bantling uncouth,  
 Old brains shudder back from so—take it, rash youth !  
 Lick the lump into shape till a city comes !

## APOLLO

I hear

## THE FATES

Dumb music, dead eloquence ! Say it, or sing !  
 What was quickened in us and thee also ?

## APOLLO

I fear.

THE FATES

Half female, half male—go, ambiguous thing !

While we speak—perchance sputter—pick up what we  
fling !

Known yet ignored, nor divined nor unguessed,

Such is Man's law of life    Do we strive to declare  
What is ill, what is good in our spinning ?    Worst,  
best,

Change hues of a sudden    now here and now there  
Flits the sign which decides    all about yet no-where

'Tis willed so,—that Man's life be lived, first to last,

Up and down, through and through,—not in portions,  
forsooth,

To pick and to choose from    Our shuttles fly fast,

Weave living, not life sole and whole    as age—youth,  
So death completes living, shows life in its truth

Man learningly lives till death helps him—no lore !

It is doom and must be Dost submit ?

APOLLO

I assent—

Concede but Admetus ! So much if no more

Of my prayer grant as peace-pledge ! Be gracious,  
though, blent,

Good and ill, love and hate streak your life-gift !

THE FATES

Content !

Such boon we accord in due measure Life's term

We lengthen should any be moved for love's sake  
To forego life's fulfilment, renounce in the germ

Fruit mature—bliss or woe—either infinite Take  
Or leave thy friend's lot on his head be the stake !



APOLLO

On mine, griesly gammers ! Admetus, I know thee !

Thou prizest the right these unwittingly give

Thy subjects to rush, pay obedience they owe thee !

Importunate one with another they strive

For the glory to die that their king may survive

Friends rush and who first in all Pheræ appears

But thy father to serve as thy substitute ?

CLOTHO

Bah !

APOLLO

Ye wince ? Then his mother, well-stricken in years

Advances her claim—or his wife—

LACHESIS

Tra-la la !

*APOLLO AND THE FATES*

APOLLO

But he spurns the exchange, rather dies !

ATROPOS

Ha, ha, ha !

(*Apollo ascends    Darkness* )

I

*WITH BERNARD DE MANDEVILLE*



*WITH BERNARD DE MANDEVILLE*

I

AY, this same midnight, by this chain of mine  
Come and review thy counsels art thou still  
Staunch to their teaching?—not as fools opine  
Its purport might be, but as subtler skill  
Could, through turbidity, the loaded line  
Of logic casting, sound deep, deeper, till  
It touched a quietude and reached a shrine  
And recognized harmoniously combine  
Evil with good, and hailed truth's triumph—thine,  
Sage dead 'long since, Bernard de Mandeville '

## II

Only, 'tis no fresh knowledge that I crave,  
Fuller truth yet, new gainings from the grave ,  
Here we alive must needs deal fairly, turn  
To what account Man may Man's portion, learn  
Man's proper play with truth in part, before  
Entrusted with the whole I ask no more  
Than smiling witness that I do my best  
With doubtful doctrine afterwards the rest !  
So, silent face me while I think and speak !  
A full disclosure ? Such would outrage law  
Law deals the same with soul and body seek  
Full truth my soul may, when some babe, I saw  
A new-born weakling, starts up strong—not weak—  
Man every whit, absolved from earning awe,  
Pride, rapture, if the soul attains to wreak  
Its will on flesh, at last can thrust, lift, draw,

As mind bids muscle—mind which long has striven,  
Painfully urging body's impotence  
To effort whereby—once law's barrier risen,  
Life's rule abolished—body might disperse  
With infancy's probation, straight be given  
—Not by foiled darings, fond attempts back-driven,  
Fine faults of growth, brave sins which saint when shriven—  
To stand full-statued in magnificence

## III

No—as with body so deils law with soul  
That's stung to strength through weakness, strives for good  
Through evil,—earth its race ground, heaven its goal,  
Presumably—so far I understood  
Thy teaching long ago—But what means this  
—{jected by a mouth which yesterday  
Was magisterial in antithesis  
To half the truths we hold, or trust we may,





Right fettered here by wrong, but leaves life's yoke —  
 Death should loose man from—flesh laid, past release ? '

## IV

Bernard de Mandeville, confute for me  
 This parlous friend who captured or set free  
 Thunderbolts at his pleasure, yet would draw  
 Back, panic-stricken by some puny straw  
 Thy gold-rimmed amber-headed cane had whisked  
 Out of his pathway if the object risked  
 Encounter, 'scaped thy kick from buckled shoe !  
 As when folks heard thee in old days pooh-pooh  
 Addison's tye-wig preachment, grant this friend—  
 (Whose groan I hear, with guffaugh at the end  
 Disposing of mock-melancholy) —grant  
 His bilious mood one potion, ministrant  
 Of homely wisdom, healthy wit ! For, hear !  
 "With power and will, let preference appear

*PAIRLEYINGS WITH*

By intervention ever and aye, help good  
When evil's mastery is understood  
In some plain outrage, and triumphant wrong  
Tramples weak right to nothingness    nay, long  
Ere such sad consummation bring despair  
To right's adherents, ah, what help it were  
If wrong lay strangled in the birth—each head  
Of the hatched monster promptly crushed, instead  
Of spared to gather venom !    We require  
No great experience that the inch-long worm,  
Free of our heel, would grow to vomit fire,  
And one day plague the world in dragon form  
So should wrong merely peep abroad to meet  
Wrong's due quietus, leave our world's way safe  
For honest walking ”

Sage, once more repeat  
Instruction !    'Tis a sore to soothe not chafe

Ah, Fabulist, what luck, could I contrive  
To coax from thee another "Gumblin' Hive" !  
My friend himself wrote fables short and sweet  
Ask him—"Suppose the Gardener of Man's ground  
Plants for a purpose, side by side with good,  
Evil—(and that He does so—look around !  
What does the field show ?)—were it understood  
That purposely the noxious plant was found  
Vexing the virtuous, poison close to food,  
If, at first stealing-forth of life in stalk  
And leaflet-promise, quick His spud should baulk  
Evil from budding foliage, bearing fruit ?  
Such timely treatment of the offending root  
Might strike the simple as wise husbandry,  
But swift sure extirpation scarce would suit  
Shrewder observers    Seed once sown thrives    why  
Frustrate its product, miss the quality  
Which sower binds himself to count upon ?

Had seed fulfilled the destined purpose, gone  
Unhindered up to harvest—what know I  
But proof were gained that every growth of good  
Sprang consequent on evil's neighbourhood ? ”  
So said your shrewdness true—so did not say  
That other sort of theorists who held  
Mere unintelligence prepared the way  
For either seed's upsprouting you repelled  
Their notion that both kinds could sow themselves  
True ' but admit 'tis understanding delves  
And drops each germ, what else but folly thwarts  
The doer's settled purpose ? Let the sage  
Concede a use to evil, though there starts  
Full many a burgeon thence, to disengage  
With thumb and finger lest it spoil the yield  
Too much of good's main tribute ! But our main  
Tough-tendoned mandrake-monster—purge the field  
Of him for once and all ? It follows plain

Who set him there to grow beholds revealed  
 His primal law His ordinance proves vain  
 And what befits a king who cannot reign,  
 But to drop sceptre valid arm should wield ?

## VI

“ Still there’s a parable ’—etoits my friend—

“ Shows agriculture with a difference ’

What of the crop and weeds which solely blend

Because, once planted, none may pluck them thence ?

The Gardener contrived thus ? Vain pretence ’

An enemy it was who unawares

Ruined the wheat by interspersing tares

Where’s our desolated forethought ? Where’s

Knowledge, where power and will in evidence ?

’Tis Man’s-play merely ! Craft foils rectitude,

Malignity defeats beneficence

And grant, at very last of all, the feud

'Twixt good and evil ends, strange thoughts intrude  
Though good be garnered safely and good's foe  
Bundled for burning Thoughts steal "Even so—  
Why giant tares leave to thus o'er-top, o'ertower  
Their field-mate, boast the stalk and flaunt the flower,  
Triumph one sunny minute? Knowledge, power  
And will thus worked? Man's fancy makes the fault!  
Man, with the narrow mind, must cram inside  
His finite God's infinitude,—earth's vault  
He bids compulse the heavenly far and wide,  
Since Man may claim a right to understand  
What passes understanding So, succinct  
And trimly set in order, to be scanned  
' And scrutinised, lo—the divine lies linked  
Fast to the human, free to move as moves  
Its proper match awhile they keep the grooves,  
Discreetly side by side together pace,  
Till sudden comes a stumble incident

Likely enough to Man's weak-footed race,  
 And he discovers—wings in rudiment,  
 Such as he boasts, which full grown, free-distent  
 Would lift him skyward, fail of flight while pent  
 Within humanity's restricted space  
 Abjure each fond attempt to represent  
 The formless, the illimitable ! ' Trace  
 No outline, try no hint of human face  
 Or form or hand ! "

## VII

Friend, here's a tracing meant  
 To help a guess at truth you never knew  
 Bend but those eyes now, using mind's eye too,  
 And note—sufficient for all purposes—  
 The ground-plan —map you long have yearned for—yes,  
 Made out in markings—more what artist can ?—  
 Goethe's Estate in Weimar,—just a plan !

A is the House, and B the Garden-gate,  
 And C the Grass-plot—you've the whole estate  
 Letter by letter, down to Y the Pond,  
 And Z the Pig-stye Do you look beyond  
 The algebraic signs, and captious say  
 "Is A the House? But where's the Roof to A,  
 Where's Door, where's Window? Needs must House  
 have such ' "

Av, that were folly Why so very much  
 More foolish than our mortal purblind way  
 Of seeking in the symbol no mere point  
 To guide our gaze through what were else inane,  
 But things—then solid selves? "Is, joint by joint,  
 Orion man-like,—as these dots explain  
 His constellation? Flesh composed of suns—  
 How can such be?" exclaim the simple ones  
 Look through the sign to the thing signified—  
 Shown nowise, point by point at best descried,



Each an orb's topmost sparkle all beside  
 Its shine is shadow turn the orb one jot—  
 Up flies the new flash to reveal twas not  
 The whole sphere late flamboyant in your ken !

## VIII

“What need of symbolizing? Fittier men  
 Would take on tongue facts—few and faint and fair,  
 Still facts not fancies quite enough they are,  
 That Power, that Knowledge, and that Will,—add  
 then

Immensity, Eternity these jar  
 Nowise with our permitted thought and speech  
 ,Why human attributes?”

A myth may teach  
 Only, who better would expound it thus  
 Must be Euripides not Æschylus

## IX

Boundingly up through Night's wall dense and dark,  
Embattled crags and clouds, out-broke the Sun  
Above the conscious earth, and one by one  
Her heights and depths absorbed to the last spark  
His fluid gloiy, from the far fine ridge  
Of mountain-giauite which, transformed to gold,  
Laughed first the thanks back, to the vale's dusk fold  
On fold of vapour-swathing, like a budge  
Shattered beneath some giant's stamp    Night wist  
Her work done and betook herself in mist  
To marsh and hollow there to bide her time  
Blindly in acquiescence    Everywhere  
Did earth acknowledge Sun's embrace sublime  
Thrilling her to the heart of things    since there  
No oie ran liquid, no spar blanched anew,  
No arrowy crystal gleamed, but straightway grew

Glad through the inrush—glad not more not less  
Than, 'neath his gaze, forest and wilderness,  
Hill, dale, land, sea, the whole vast stretch and spread,  
The universal world of creatures bred  
By Sun's munificence, alike gave praise—  
All creatures but one only gaze for gaze,  
Joyless and thankless, who—all scowling car—  
Protests against the innumerable praises ? Man,  
Sullen and silent

Stand thou forth then, state  
Thy wrong, thou sole aggrieved—disconsolate—  
While every beast, bird, reptile, insect, gay  
And glad acknowledges the bounteous day !

Man speaks now “What avails Sun's earth-felt thrill  
To me ? Sun penetrates the ore, the plant—  
They feel and grow perchance with subtler skill

He interfuses flæ, worm, brute, until  
Each favoured object pays life's ministrant  
By pressing, in obedience to his will,  
Up to completion of the task prescribed,  
So stands and stays a type    Myself imbibed  
Such influence also, stood and stand complete—  
The perfect Man,—head, body, hands and feet,  
True to the pattern    but does that suffice?  
How of my superadded mind which needs  
—Not to be, simply, but to do, and pleads  
For—more than knowledge that by some device  
Sun quickens matter    mind is nobly fain  
To realize the marvel, make—for sense  
As mind—the unscen visible, condense  
—Myself—Sun's all-pervading influence  
So as to serve the needs of mind, explain  
What now perplexes    Let the oak increase  
His corrugated strength on strength, the palm

Lift joint by joint her fan-fruit, buland balm,—  
Let the coiled serpent bask in bloated peace,—  
The eagle, like some skyey derelict,  
Drift in the blue, suspended, glowing,—  
The lion lord it by the desert-spring,—  
What know or care they of the power which picked  
Nothingness to perfection? I, instead,  
When all-developed still am found a thing  
All-incomplete for what though flesh had force  
Transcending theirs—hands able to unring  
The tightened snake's coil, eyes that could outcourse  
The eagle's soaring, voice whereat the king  
Of carnage couched dis-crowned? Mind seeks to see,  
Touch, understand, by mind inside of me,  
The outside mind—whose quickening I attain  
To recognize—I only All in vain  
Would mind address itself to render plain  
The nature of the essence Drag what licks

Behind the operation—that which works  
Latently everywhere by outward proof—  
Drag that mind forth to face mine? No! aloof  
I solely crave that one of all the beams  
Which do Sun's work in darkness, at my will  
Should operate—myself for once have skill  
To realize the energy which streams  
Flooding the universe Above, around,  
Beneath—why mocks that mind my own thus found  
Simply of service, when the world grows dark,  
To half surmise—were Sun's use understood,  
I might demonstrate him supplying food,  
Warmth, life, no less the while? To grant one spark  
Myself may deal with—make it thaw my blood  
And prompt my steps, were truer to the mark  
Of mind's requirement than a half-surmise  
That somehow secretly is operant  
A power all matter feels, mind only tries

To comprehend ' Once more—no idle vaunt  
 ' Man comprehends the Sun's self ' ' Mysteries  
 At source why probe into? Enough display,  
 Make demonstrable, how, by night as day,  
 Earth's centre and sky's outspan, all's informed  
 Equally by Sun's efflux '—source from whence  
 It just one spark I drew, full evidence  
 Were mine of fire ineffably enthroned—  
 Sun's self made palpable to Man ' '

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Thus moaned  
 Man till Prometheus helped him,—as we learn,—  
 Offered an artifice whereby he drew  
 Sun's rays into a focus,—plain and true,  
 The very Sun in little made fire burn  
 And henceforth do Man service—glass-conglobed  
 Though to a pin-point circle—all the same

Comprising the Sun's elf, but Sun disrobed  
Of that else-unconceived essential flame  
Borne by no naked sight    Shall mind's eye strive  
Achingly to companion as it may  
The supersubtle effluence, and contrive  
To follow beam and beam upon their way  
Hand-breadth by hand-breadth, till sense faint—confessed  
Frustrate, eluded by unknown unguessed  
Infinitude of action ?    Idle quest !  
Rather ask aid from optics    Sense, descry  
The spectrum—mind, infer immensity !  
Little ?    In little, light, warmth, life are blessed—  
Which, in the large, who sees to bless ?    Not I  
More than yourself    so, good my friend, keep still  
Trustful with—me ?    with thee, sage Mandeville !



II

*WITH DANIEL BARTOLI*